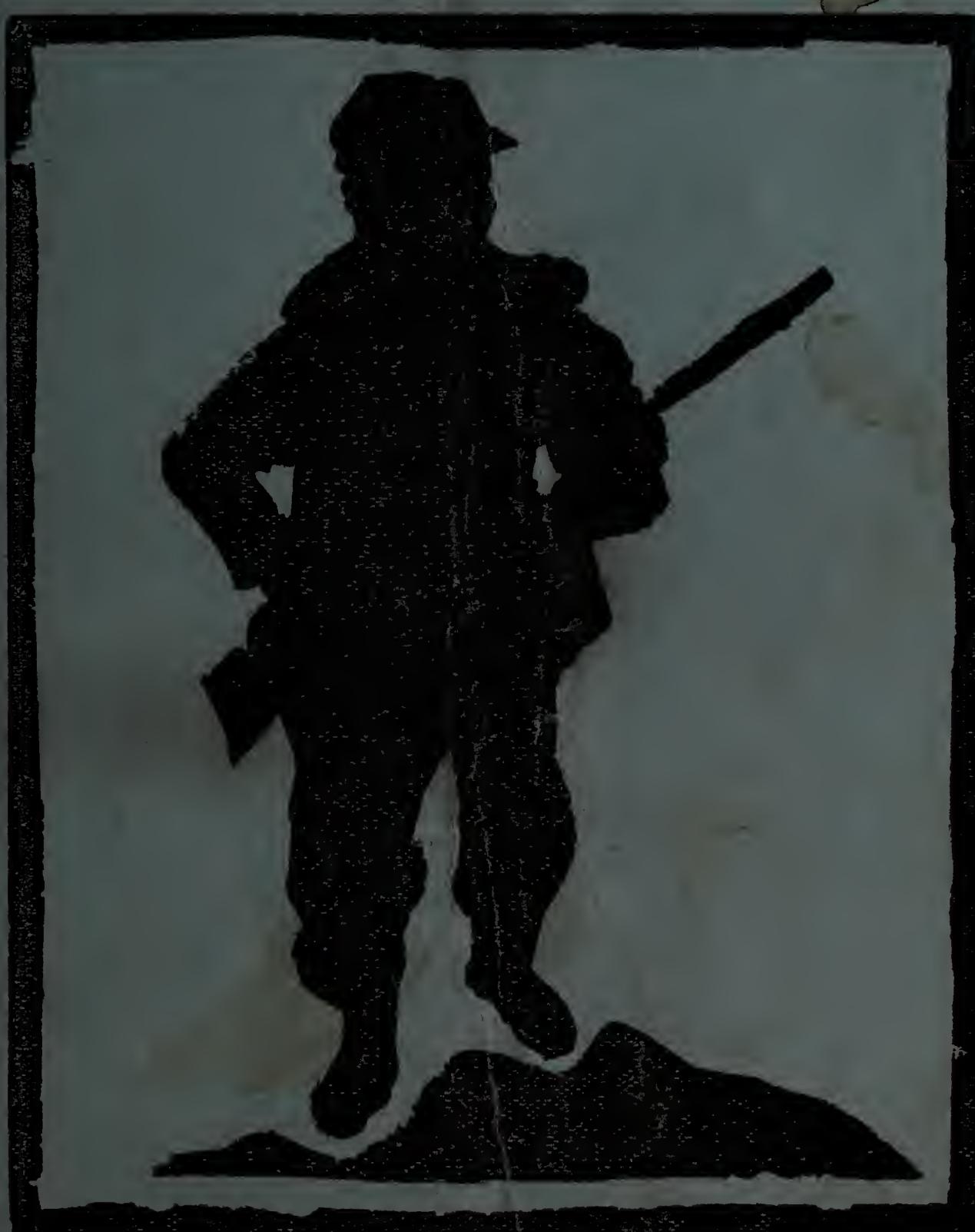


The
Johnson Journal



March Number, 1925

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THE JOHNSON JOURNAL

The Student Publication of the Johnson High School, North Andover, Mass.

VOL. III.

MARCH

NO. 2.

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EDITORIAL

In previous years, Johnson has shone brilliantly in the several delightful operettas given for the benefit of the Athletic Association.

This year, however, although these operettas have been a great success and thoroughly enjoyed both by audience and participants there is apparent among the school body as a whole, a desire to attempt something different.

Stunt Night has disclosed the fact that there is unusual talent concealed in every class. Why wouldn't a school play prove a "good investment"? A play gives opportunity for a good sized cast, plenty of originality, and a chance for varied expression.

Every progressive school considers that dramatics play a vitally important part in the life of its school. We should start this ball rolling. We have a good stage, a chance to show plenty of initiative in procuring appropriate scenery, but there is one important item which cannot be overlooked. We need a curtain. No stage is complete without it.

However, whether it is to be operetta or play why not let the proceeds go towards a curtain, instead of the Athletic

Association which seems to be holding its own at present.

This is a suggestion which has come to us, we are passing it along. What do you think about it?

One of the greatest spectacles ever observed by the human eye has just passed, namely, the eclipse of the sun. Thousands of people witnessed this wonderful sight which shall be related for years to come.

Truly, this was a great event, but would it not be a terrible calamity to happen to "The Johnson Journal"? Nevertheless, this thing is inevitable unless there is more co-operation from the students. Remember this is your paper, not the Staff's. The Staff is merely at your service, as it were.

If that which you contribute fails to appear do not feel discouraged or that your efforts were not appreciated. Just try again bearing in mind that the best material possible must be chosen for the Journal. But this is where the difficulty lies. We have very little from which to choose, with the result that we depend on the same students again and again.

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Come, begin now and hand into us everything that interests you, and let us judge it. This is the only way we can avoid an eclipse of our paper. Remember, the Journal is still very young, and a shadow must not be allowed to be cast upon it by any other paper.

LINCOLN MEDAL ESSAY.

Abraham Lincoln, known to all of us as the man who saved our country from what seemed an inevitable fall of a nation, was born in Hardin county, Kentucky, on February twelfth in the year of 1809. When seven years of age, he moved to Indiana with the family and for the next decade was engaged in laborious work of different kinds. During these ten years of hard labor, he obtained education which was equivalent to about one year of school work. This education did not benefit him as it might, for he could only study at brief intervals during those ten years. His mother taught him to read; and when she died, Lincoln's stepmother took her place in the best way any stepmother could. She was interested in him and helped and urged him when difficulties confronted him. Lincoln liked to read. Those books he read and re-read were the Bible, "Aesop's Fables," "Pilgrims' Progress," "Robinson Crusoe," Weem's "Life of Washington," and a "History of the United States." Lincoln liked best of all to read Burns' poems and Shakespeare's plays. Not being satisfied with only reading, he tried writing and composed crude satires and compositions, also some verse.

Lincoln was now fast approaching manhood and saw the serious side of life. When Lincoln was nineteen years of ago, he guided a cargo down the Mississippi river to New Orleans. Here, at an auction sale of negroes, he got his first impression of slavery for which our whole country was later thankful. At this time, the Black Hawk War broke out and Lincoln served five weeks in a campaign with a volunteer company. After serving in this war, Lincoln became proprietor of a country store at New Salem, Illinois. He was also appointed postmaster of New Salem. Busy as he was, Lincoln found time to become an amateur land surveyor and to study law. A man with a real ambition is bound to succeed and Lincoln was no exception to this rule. In the year of 1834, Lincoln was a member of the Illi-

nois legislature and was returned there at the three following biennial elections. In the year of 1836 he was licensed to practice law and a decade later became a representative in Congress. Later, he made an unsuccessful attempt to enter the Senate. In 1858, he challenged Stephen A. Douglas to a series of seven debates on slavery in which he stated his views of that institution. As a result of this he became known throughout this nation. At the Republican convention held in Chicago in 1860 Lincoln was nominated for the presidency after several ballots were voted upon. At the election on the following fourth day of November he was elected president of these United States.

As a result of the election of 1860 the Southern states became alarmed, many states seceded from the Union. Although Lincoln did everything in his power at that time to preserve the Union, the Southern confederacy was constituted on February fourth, 1861.

Lincoln took a stand in this critical and trying situation which was just. His perseverance and persistence in raising new recruits after each disaster gave the Northern states courage. Lincoln believed that the toleration of slavery was a necessity for the preservation of the Union and was willing to tolerate it; but when the South seceded they forfeited their right to defend slavery in the Union.

When the South was finally subdued, the terms laid down by the North under Lincoln's guidance were just. The slaves were emancipated under a proclamation and compensation was offered owners who freed their slaves voluntarily. Later an amendment was added to our constitution providing for unconditional emancipation without compensation. In the election of 1864, Lincoln was re-elected President. The determination to pursue the war to the end on the original issue was largely responsible for this. On April second, 1865, Grant was victorious over Lee at Appomattox and the war was duly ended in favor of the Northern cause.

The jubilant Northern states, however, were grief-stricken twelve days later when they heard of the assassination of their President in Ford's theatre, Washington, by John Wilkes Booth. Lincoln, after a valiant struggle, expired on the next day in a house across the street from the theatre.

ALEXANDER TAYLOR, '25.

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THE DIARY OF A FLAPPER

January 1, 1925—Tom gave me this book for Christmas telling me to write in it every day, for he said that all famous women kept a diary. I'm not much struck on the idea of having to write every day, except that the book has such a pretty pink cover to lock—quite nifty. nifty.

January 2—Clarabel told me that Jackie gave her a diary, too. She and I made a vow that we wouldn't show our books to anyone. Clarabel is going to have a new dress for the Tea Dance, but Ma says it's all foolishness for me to have one. Fred and Ralph have both asked me to go with them.

January 3—Clarabel says that Fred almost begged her to go with him. I'm going to get Fred to take me. Clarabel can go with anyone she wishes but she better leave my fellows alone. I think I want to go with Fred anyway.

January 4—Nothing doing today Clarabel and I went out and sat on the stone-wall all afternoon, but not a one gave us the glad eye. Once there was a swell guy with an old man who went by in a Fierce Sparrow roadster and he looked right at us and we were just getting ready to wave and then I heard him say, "Some beautiful trees over there, eh Uncle?" Just like that.

January 5—The Tea Dance is tomorrow night. I told Fred that he could go with me and he said, "Gee whiz, Red, why don't you tell a feller in time? I'm going to take my cousin." Then I said, real cold like, "Well, Mr. Red yourself, if you don't want to take me, you don't have to." And I turned round and walked over to the mirror just like Gloria Gwanson did in "Hearts and Lovers", only in that Gloria goes to the edge of the cliff and looks down into that awful cavern. I don't know who I shall go with now.

January 6—I didn't go to the dance after all. I went skating with Jim Bisbee. He's an awfully nice kid. We got dancing on the ice and they had a big search-light to light up the pond. It was more fun than smoking. Tim can skate awfully well. Hot catfish! We were the berries. After awhile everybody quit and went home but Tim and me.

January 7.

January 8.

January 9—I haven't had time to

write.. If Tom catches me with any blank space in this book—But then the only empty space is Tom's head, I guess.

January 10.

January 11—Went skating with Tim. Clarabel hasn't spoken to me since the Tea Dance. I queered her all right, all right. Tim says his cousin from New York is coming on to stay all winter, I guess until the last of this month anyway. I bet he's a swell dancer from New York.

January 12.

January 13—I didn't have time to write yesterday because we all went over to the Junction to get Tim's cousin. I nearly fell over backward when I saw it was Mr. Swell-Guy. the one that came off with that cool remark about the trees.

January 14—There is going to be a dance at the Country Club. I guess Tim is going to take me. Tim's cousin's name is Ferdinand Barker. I call him Ferdy for short. I haven't been introduced to him yet.

January 15.

January 16—Went to the dance tonight. Met Ferdy. He's a high-brow! All the fellows wore flannels but him. He had an evening suit on and looked swell. I don't like him just the same. The first thing he said was, "How pale you are, Miss Sarah!" Now wouldn't that stick you! Everyone calls me Sally or Red and he comes out with Miss Sarah!

January 17.

January 18.

January 19—Ferdy writes poetry. I adore poetry! He isn't such a bad sort but so intellectual! He talks about the inner soul. He says he likes girls with brains, and if I do say it, I'm there with those berries. He says flappers are like bungalows—"Painted outside, shingled on top, and no attic."

January 20—I met Ferdy today and he has invited me to go to the Squirrel Inn. I ought to learn to smoke because everyone that goes out there does. But Ferdy wouldn't like it, so I guess I won't.

January 21—Last night Ferdy and I went to the Inn. We got caught in a shower and he was so nice to me. He laid his coat over my shoulders and his eyes looked just like Vuddy Ralantino in "The Shriek." I hope Ferdy doesn't come today because the Marcel has all gone

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out of my hair. Ma likes my hair straight. She says that I look natural.

January 22.

January 23.

January 24.

January 25—Haven't felt well for a few days. I caught cold the other night. Ferdy came to call and brought me some violets. Violets are just like him, so refined. My hair wasn't marceled and he said it made me look like a Madonna. Guess I won't curl it anymore.

January 26—My cold is better. I went on a sleigh-ride with Tim and Tim said Ferdy was mad. I didn't think that Ferdy cared.

January 27.

January 28—I have been studying a lot and I think next term, I'll take up some more literature. Ferdy likes high-brow girls.

January 29—Ferdy is going away Saturday. I don't know what I'll do without him. Ma says I can have a party. I'd like to have Black Sam's Syncopators for music, but since this party is for Ferdy, I'm going to have the Floridora Trio. Ferdy doesn't like jazz.

January 30—My party was a failure. I heard dear friend Clarabel say to Tim that I must have been trying to save my money. No one liked my music except Ferdy. I'm going to drown my sorrow in Kuster Beaton's movie 'The Navigator.' He's at the Palace.

January 31—Ferdy is gone. I don't think I shall write any more because I haven't anything to write about now. All the old diary was good for anyway was its fancy cover and the lock. But I shall keep it forever.

R. G.

FOG.

Fog is a gray, moist, impenetrable, fluffy bank of nothing. You reach for it; it isn't there. You look for it; it is everywhere but beside you. You listen for it; you hear nothing but the muffled beat of horses' hoofs coming from nowhere.

Look at yourself; your dark coat is gray; and who is that beckoning to you? And what does he want? Nothing, it's only a tree, damp, and dismal like yourself.

That's the kind of fog I mean, a great mysterious blanket, that swallows up everything, and tells nothing.

R. W. B. '27.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

Last summer my cousin, Dan and I, were visiting near Niagara Falls, New York. The morning after our arrival Dan said to me, "Gee, Jack, this is going to be a peachy day. Let's go up and take a look at the falls."

I agreed and we started out about nine o'clock. It did not take us long to reach our destination and we were soon enjoying the beautiful scenery about which we had heard so much.

Suddenly I heard a cry and turned around to see Dan slipping over the embankment. I quickly grasped his arms and pulled him up to a sitting position. He was safe. But—what was that? The stone on which I had steadied my foot had become loose and I was slipping with it! I caught hold of a bush, but it broke. I was falling faster and faster now. The little fir trees which projected from the side of the embankment seemed to fly past like telegraph poles when we pass them on a train.

A thousand thoughts flashed through my mind. The roar of the water as it poured into the chasm became louder and louder and almost deafened me. And then—that awful moment! Everything grew black! When I opened my eyes I was on the floor beside the bed all tangled up in the sheet while Dan was still peacefully sleeping.

MARY R. GARVEY, '26.

ALARIC'S NOOK.

On a hill known as "Salisbury Hill" was a secluded spot. Fir trees surrounded it on every side. They whispered secrets together all day long. The ground beneath was like a green velvet carpet, soft and luxurious. It was a beautiful place, at least Alaric thought so. It was only he that could understand what the fir tree said. He called this nook "His Holy of Holies". No human foot had trodden on this piece of land except Alaric.

Oh! many were the stories it could tell if it had but a voice to speak. Here in this nook Alaric had written, read and spoken. This nook knew his every mood, whether it was a happy, morose, or thoughtful one. When he was in the depths of despair, it was here he fled.

This warm summer day he sought the seclusion and shade that this nook afforded. With a book in one hand and a white canvas hat in the other he set

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forth. That morning he had finished reading the book, "Gods and Heroes". His whole mind was taken up with these wonderful creatures. He did not tread on land but on the snowy peaks of Mt. Olympus. He imagined he was riding in Juno's carriage and fair Venus sat beside him holding his hand; she was trying her various arts to fascinate him with her exquisite beauty.

He arrived at his work and being where man neither was seen nor heard, he opened his heart and lived in a realm of beautiful thoughts. He prepared a speech, having the trees and birds as listeners.

He started his speech dwelling on the deeds of the heroes and natures of the goddesses. He rambled on, getting more excited and fluent as he went on speaking. Turning his face heavenward and stretching his hands outward he quoted "Oh Poets and Artists have thy beauty"—when looking up he saw two little mischievous boys, their heads appearing above a bush, laughing and giggling as if their sides would burst. Oh! what rogues and rascals! Alaric slowly came to the realization that his secret had been found out and his speech—why it had gone to the four winds, lost forever.

What A'aric said to those boys need not be mentioned here. Humility and mortification were no words to express the feelings of Alaric.

Never again did Alaric attempt to go to his favorite haunt and never again did he endeavor to give a speech.

The fir trees still whisper together on the hill, perhaps sighing for the person who never comes to partake of the shade of the sweeping boughs.

L. E. A. '26.

THE MISLEADING VALENTINE.

Bob Carlton was generally considered the most popular boy in Leeville. He was about eighteen years old, tall, good-looking, and athletic. He was adored by everyone from tiny babies to gray old grandfathers, but he possessed one habit which rather annoyed his friends—that was his playing of pranks. Morning, noon, and night his brain was busy hatching up some kind of a joke to play on an unsuspecting friend, and, although they were really very funny and clever, his victims determined to "get square" with him sometime. Foremost among these victims was his pretty, pop-

ular sister, Peggy. Poor Peggy had born the brunt of his pranks ever since her kindergarten days.

In the morning mail, on February 14, 1925, was a large envelope addressed in careful printing to Mr. Robert Carlton, Jr. Mrs. Carlton put the letters on the hall table, and, smiling rather oddly, went about her work.

About two o'clock, Bob rushed into the house, grabbed up his mail and hurried to his room. He first opened the four or five small envelopes which all held valentines. These, however, claimed but scant attention from him. He was much interested in the large envelope which his clumsy fingers could hardly open. Inside was a large lacy valentine inscribed with a very silly, sentimental verse, on the other side of which the following words were printed: "From your Unknown Admirer. Please be outside the Kandy Kitchen at eight o'clock. It is very important!"

At first, he was inclined to laugh at the note, but after a few moments of thinking, his all-consuming curiosity made him decide to keep the rendezvous.

At exactly eight o'clock a well-dressed young man stood outside the Kandy Kitchen gazing up and down the street. He had not been waiting long when a machine pulled up at the curbing and a young lady stepped forth. She was a small dainty person clad completely in rich brown even to a silk veil which covered her face.

Bob felt a thrill of estasy when the dainty young lady walked up to him. They had been talking together for a short time when several of Bob's friends appeared. Each walked past gazing curiously at the couple who were talking so earnestly together. Bob began to feel rather uneasy about being seen talking to a lady who would neither give her name nor uncover her face. It seemed to him that every friend he had had seen him there.

The crowd became thicker and thicker till the whole high school must have been on the street. They soon did not even bother to walk past but stopped right in front of Bob and stared at him. They were all wearing rather foolish grins and Bob would have been glad for the earth to open and swallow him. It was evident, however, that the young lady did not mind being the object of so much attention.

Then a funny thing happened. His

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companion took off her veil, and Bob found himself looking into the laughing, mischievous eyes of Peggy Carlton, while the crowd of boys and girls gathered around laughing and exclaiming over the first good joke ever played on Robert Carlton Jr.

J. D. T. '25.

THE ECLIPSE—1875.

The eclipse of the moon occurred Sunday, October 25th, about one A. M. An eclipse is caused by the moon's passing into the shadow of the earth. At first only a part of the moon is visible and then it gradually diminishes in size until

no part of it is seen, and then bright moonshine which we before enjoyed now becomes total darkness, when we are not able to discern one object from another.

It gradually appears into sight again, and our bright moonshine is restored. The coming of an eclipse is foretold by astronomers by the use of an instrument invented by Thomas Will of Waltham, Mass., and is foretold so accurately that its coming is often awaited with great anxiety by the people who wish to observe the spectacle. It is very important to know the time at which the eclipse is about to occur.

(Reprinted from "The Piece Bag".)

SCHOOL NOTES

HONOR ROLL FOR HALF-YEAR.

Honors in One Subject.

Janice D. Twombly
Agnes McLung
Irene E. Garneau
Helen M. Friel
Anna T. Friel
Ernest W. Foster
C. Maxine Fisher
John Bottomley
Louise E. Auger
Helen G. Cross
Elizabeth G. Gesing
Ruth Griffiths
Catherine N. Lavin
Gladys E. Lyon
Anna Michlun
Helen M. Roberts
Nelson L. Smith
Frank W. Smith
Catherine L. Ryley
Eva P. Rogers
Lillian Murphy
Helen G. McCallion
Mona A. Lee
Alma E. Knowles
Annie E. Dempsie
Charles E. Cyr
Robert H. Bixby
Malcolm L. Buchan
Wm. T. Fogarty
Henry Halozubic
George E. Hill
Mary Lang
S. Forbes Rockwell, Jr.

Honors in Two Subjects.

Gertrude E. Twombly
Lauretta M. Snell
Mary R. Garvey
Jeanie T. Lang
Henrietta Webb
Grace E. Torrey
Mary H. Taylor
Mary H. Galaher
Lulu E. Fletcher
Catherine Darveau
Ida Budnick
Mary J. Bode
Richard P. Chadwick
John B. Holt
Genevieve A. Lane

Honors in Three Subjects.

Elizabeth I. Sullivan
Florence B. St. Pierre
Ruth E. Goff
Frances Hawkes

Honors in Four Subjects.

William T. Moody
Gladys I. Nason
Mary C. McAloon
Margaret M. Donlan

Honors in Five Subjects.

Russell E. Colby
Florence L. Mason
E. Laurence Colby

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SENIOR-FRESHMAN PARTY

February 9, 1925, the Freshmen gave the annual return party to the Seniors and other guests. At eight o'clock the guests were assembled in the school hall, which was prettily decorated for the occasion with red crepe paper. After the address by the Freshman class president, Ivar Sjostrom, a pleasing program was presented. The Shadow Pantomime of "The Courtship of Miles Standish" was certainly interesting. In the sketch which followed, who doesn't remember "Peanut" Studley as the dignified and funny little postmaster, "Jitney" Taylor as the city dude, the children and their valentines, Aunt Mehitable and her scorn for city folk?

A copy of the evening's program follows:

I. The Courtship of Miles Standish
A Pantomime
Miles Standish Norman Greenwood
John Alden Edwin McCabe
Priscilla Marjorie Longbottom
Reader Alice Lambert
Scene I. Miles Standish's Room.
Scene II. Priscilla's Home.
II. The Valentine that Went Astray
Mr. Zebulon Bean, postmaster
Edgar Studley
Percivalde Smythe, dude William Taylor
Hilly Belle Summerfield, her maiden Clara Curley
Mehitable Summerfield, her maiden aunt Frances Hawkes
Ed. Haywood, country youth Edward Squire
Dennis Rafferty, country youth Frank Wallwork
Country Children:
Terry Donovan, 12 Ivar Sjostrom
Maggie Donovan, 7 Mary Lang
Nellie Donovan, 5 Leona Dick
Kate Connally, 12 Veronica Boyle
Connie O'Neal, 10 Dorothy Castle
Sammy Perkins, 8 Earl Foster
Scene I, The Village Postoffice.

Following the entertainment, games were played and their winners announced:

Paper race, Hosea Bradstreet, senior; Clothespin race, G. Broderick, M. Lannan D. Boyle, A. Taylor, seniors; Horse race, G. Knightly, W. Sullivan, C. Westbrooke, seniors; Aeroplane race, F. Smith, J. Holt, freshmen.

Hearts were passed out and partners

for the grand march to refreshments. Dancing was enjoyed until eleven o'clock.

PRESENTATION OF "ABRAHAM LINCOLN"

O February 3rd, following the regular school session, the students and faculty were given the unusual opportunity of hearing Miss Florence Nielsen give Drinkwater's immortal play, "Abraham Lincoln". Miss Nielsen, who is the only authorized person who may present the play, gave a splendid performance. Judging from the close attention given her and the comments heard after the recital the play was greatly appreciated by all.

SENIOR LUNCHEON.

A luncheon was given by the Senior Cooking Class on December 19. Blanche Shearer was appointed hostess and Evelyn Westran acted as hostess. The guests were: Miss Sargent, Miss Hatch, Miss Wills, and Miss Tonon. A very delightful luncheon was served by the waitresses who were also members of the class. The luncheon consisted of:

Celery Soup Crackers
Baked Halibut French Fried Potatoes
Celery Olives
Stuffed Peppers
Meringue Glace Chocolate Cake
Coffee

The luncheon was considered a great success by both the guests and Miss Hope Boyd, who superintended the cooking.

CONCERT PLANNED.

Owing to the success of last year's concert, Miss Richmond is planning to repeat it. The program will be similar to that of last year, consisting of vocal and instrumental solos and chorus work. The money received will go to the Johnson High Athletic Association. The work is already under way and the support of the students and the public would be appreciated. The date will be announced later.

The faculty and pupils of the Johnson High school were glad to welcome Miss Helen Thomas to the school. Miss Thomas is a graduate of the University of Colorado although two years of her college work was done at Radcliffe.

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During our Christmas vacation skating was very good on the Osgood pond. A small child was skating and not noticing a portion of thin ice he fell in. She had gone down twice and was about to go down for the third time when Hazen Willette who was skating nearby, came to her aid and saved her. Hazen is a member of the Freshman class here at Johnson.

He is also a member of the Boy Scouts and he has received a certificate for his bravery.

THE WILL TO WIN.

It is only once a year that we have the opportunity to hear Mr. Howard A. Corey of Burdett College, Boston; but the short period, in which he is to be with us, is looked forward to with pleasure by all. The subject of Mr. Corey's lecture this time was "Will"; or, The Will to Win".

Mr. Corey said that there are three functions of the mind: knowing, feeling, and willing, and the three essentials of the latter are: choice,—choose—don't drift. He said, however that choice alone was not sufficient. Find the thing you can do best and then stick to it.

Mr. Corey emphasized the fact that we should have a purpose, have an ideal, something to work up to. In order to

gain our purpose we must pay the price, we must work.

"Volition," said Mr. Corey, "is essential. Be positive not negative: Have a self-starter," was his expression. "Always do something, don't be a loafer," seems to be Mr. Corey's motto. "Work yourself, work with others, and work for others." Another point he brought out strongly was to harness our helpful habits. "Life itself is a habit," he said, "therefore put it to a good use."

In closing, Mr. Corey said to begin small, don't start off too big, but keep your largest ambition in front of you.

TYPEWRITING AWARDS

December: Helen Cross, Royal Typewriter, 33 words a minute.

December: Mildred Johnson, Remington Typewriter, 34 words a minute.

December: Agnes McClung, Underwood Typewriter 30 words a minute.

December: Helen Cross, Underwood Typewriter, 31 words a minute.

January: Anna Michlun, Remington Typewriter, 30 words a minute.

January: Elizabeth Gesing, Remington Typewriter, 29 words a minute.

January: Anna Michlun, Royal Typewriter, 30 words a minute.

January: Mary Dufton, Royal Typewriter, 34 words a minute.

SPORT FACTS

By Sporting Editor

"Never before in the history of Johnson High school has there been a basketball team produced to surpass the one which Coach Alvan G. Hayes has placed on the court for 1924-1925," writes a local sport scribe, and it has been agreed upon by all fans of greater Lawrence who have had the opportunity to see the North Andover basket shooters in action. "Pass that ball"—have been the cries of the school mentor at every practice session held, and instead of "Don't shoot until you see the whites of their eyes," the red and black team adopted for a slogan: "Don't shoot until you are inside the foul line." In abiding by the latter rule, Johnson has practically clinched the Suburban Title

championship. Winning from Puncard school of Andover by a score of 20 to 14 gave local representatives their first right to put a claim on the pennant. Beating Methuen at Methuen later in January and the Andoverites for a second time by the scores of 32 to 25 and 30 to 20, respectively strengthened the boys hopes so that they now stand on terra firma!

At the beginning of the season, Mr. Hayes was racking his brain and trying to dope out where he was going to get a center when Fliver Carr came back to Turkey town and enrolled at J. H. S. The tip-off in basketball is a big advantage and it takes a big man to get it. There's where "Fliv" does his stuff.

The girls' team must not be forgotten

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although they have only played four games up to the time of the publication of the Journal. The first two of which were their greatest rivals, Punchard and Methuen. The Punchard game was certainly a hum-dinger resulting in a score of 17 all. Johnson had a slight edge on their rivals especially in the second half when they no longer took Punchard's dust but raced along in an even line until the final whistle marked the end of a clean fought tie with the Old Red and Black being favored on account of the game played away from home. An authority on basketball writes: "Any team playing on their home floor has an eight point advantage over the visitors." If this rule holds true our girls ought to beat Punchard by a score of 25 to 17.

There was a game played in our gym. between the Punchard and Methuen game. It was played on February 6, and was nothing but a practise game for the locals: Johnson 47, Lawrence Y. W. 4.

Although the writer did not witness the Methuen-Johnson game in February, on Friday the thirteenth, the score-book reveals the fact that Grace Broderick was in her usual form by netting twelve points and Jeanie Lang a close second by scoring half that number. The girls clad in red middies and stockings to match were again victorious. Johnson 18, Methuen 14.

Miss Alta B. Cheney, a Haverhill girl, is doing a great job with her little team. Besides winning the suburban championship, she also intends that the team of

the fair sex go through a season undefeated.

The names of the boys who are playing in most of the games are: Capt. Knightly, rf; Wooley, lf; Carr, c J. Armstrong rb; F. Armstrong lb; Driver and Moody utility men.

The names of the girls who are playing in most of the games are:

Capt. Metcalf, Lang, Broderick, Gibson, Galaher, Richardson, Bower, Taylor, Clarenbach, Fisher.

A summary of games:

BOYS.

Alumni 15,	Johnson 30.
Salem 38,	Johnson 18.
Danvers 10,	Johnson 68.
Punchard 14,	Johnson 20.
Mitchell 7,	Johnson 56.
Sanborn 17,	Johnson 25.
Methuen 25,	Johnson 32.
Exeter 18,	Johnson 28.
Haverhill 19,	Johnson 12.
Punchard 20,	Johnson 30.
Dummer 31,	Johnson 22.
Mitchell 12,	Johnson 25.
Milton 39,	Johnson 23.
Exeter 29,	Johnson 22.
West Newbury 76,	Johnson 6.
Lawrence High Independents	17.
Johnson 13.	

GIRLS

Punchard 17,	Johnson 17.
Y. W. C. A. 4,	Johnson 47.
Methuen 14,	Johnson 18.
West Newbury 24,	Johnson 4.

HUMOR AND RUMOR

REVIVAL WEEK—1935.

Stars.

Present	Past
Jack Bottomley	Bill Hart
"The Call of the Wild"	
Bill Moody	Valentino
"The Sainted Devil"	
Luke May	Adolph Menjou
"The Fast Set"	
Ernest Foster	Glenn Hunter
"Merton of the Movies"	
Bill Sullivan	Bobby Agnew
"Love's Whirlpool"	
Bill Ritchie	Harold Lloyd
"Girl Shy"	

Dick Hargreaves Dick Barthelmess

"Classmates"

Hosea Bradstreet Larry Semon
"Up on the Farm"

Edgar Studley Jackie Coogan
"The Kid"

Kate Riley Baby Peggy
"Carmen"

HE FOUND HIS MATCH.

A private in the Civil War had asked the general if he could return home for his wife needed him. The general told him to come back in three days and he would

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see about it. Three days later the private returned saying that he had just received another letter from his wife saying that she was very sick and wanted him to come home. The general said, "Well, that's funny I just had a letter from your wife saying she is well and does not want you at home."

"Did you write to my wife?" asked the private.

"Yes."

"Well," said the private, "I have just found out the two biggest liars in our regiment."

"Who are they?" asked the general.

"I am one," said the private, "for I haven't any wife and you yourself can guess who the other one is."

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Teacher: "Give me an event in Samuel Johnson's life."

Berry: "His trip to Italy."

Teacher: "Good! but Johnson didn't go to Italy."

EXAMS.

We study
We cram
We feel quite prepared
We write
We flunk
We feel quite sad.

Sign in North Andover window:
Lodgings here for ladies, gentlemen
and school teachers.

THE EIGHTH WONDER.

Miss Wills: "Hands! Don't talk!"

PROVERB

"Tis better to keep silent and be thought a fool, than speak and remove all doubts.

Miss Chapman: "Osgood, what are nitrates?"

Osgood: "Higher than day rates."

Miss Wills: "Give me an example of rhythm."

De Rienzo: "A Ford hitting on three cylinders."

Teacher (looking at the scansion on pupil's papers): "You haven't got your feet marked."

A woman was crossing the street when a big dog ran into her with such force that it knocked her down. Just then a Ford nearly ran over her. A man, witnessing the accident, came to her assistance. "Did that dog hurt you?" he asked. She looked at him a little dazed and replied, "No, the dog didn't hurt me. It was the tin can tied to his tail."

Acting in a drama in a provincial theatre, the hero had to spring from some rocks into a river at the back of the stage. During one performance the mattress into which he had to fall was missing, and he fell with a crash onto the boards. He was equal to the occasion, however, and jumping up exclaimed, "Aha, so the river has frozen!"

Miss V. Chapman: "What kind of a noun is 'trousers'?"

Mulligan: "Uncommon. It's singular at the top and plural at the bottom."

IN MOURNFUL NUMBERS.

He had just arrived in this country and was rather unfamiliar with telephones. He took down the receiver and demanded: "Aye vant to talk to my wife."

"Number, please?"

"Oh," he replied, "she bane my secont vuun."

NEEDED PRAYERS.

The pastor of a colored church noticed a new face in his congregation, and after the service he hurried down to greet the newcomers. "Mr. Johnson, this is the first time you've been to our church. I'm mighty glad to see you here." Mr. Johnson replied: "Ah had to come parson. Ah needs strengtnenin'. Ah's got a job whitewashin' a chicken coop an' buildin' a fence round a watah-melon patch."

"You American girls have no such healthy complexions as we have," said an English duchess to her rich American friend. I often wonder why our noblemen take such a fancy to your white faces."

"Oh, it isn't our white faces that attract them," replied the other, "it's our greenbacks."

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JUST RESTING.

"Ah, madam," said the pious visitor, "I am going about giving advice and consolation to unhappy wives. Do you know where your husband is every night?"

"Indeed, I do."

"Alas, madam, you think you do, but he may be here, there, or anywhere."

"Well, if he gets out of the place where he is now, he has to raise a granite slab that weighs a ton, and he couldn't even lift a hod of coal when he was alive."

IT KILLED A CAT.

Rastus: "Wheah, you all bin?"

Tom: "Looking foah work! Man, man, hoah cu'osity am' gonna git you in trouble yet!"

Visitor (to butler who is showing him through the picture gallery): "That's a fine portrait. Is it an old master?"

Butler: "No, sir, it's the old missus."

Dot: "Mich doesn't drink, smoke, or swear."

Max: "Does he make his own dresses, too?"

Bud: "Was that Hosea I saw you talking to?"

Gert: "Not if I was talking."

QUITE REMARKABLE.

Miss Hatch: "If Shakespeare were alive today would he be considered a remarkable man?"

Burke: "Yes'm, he'd be over 300 years old."

IN THE MOVIES.

Usher: "Singles only."

Ward: "I'll take 'em if they're next to each other."

Mother: "Harry, wash your hands before you go to school."

Harry: "Oh, what's the use, mother? I'm not one of those who are always raising them."

Teacher: (After a lesson on proverbs) "Birds of a feather," do what?

G. Fitzgerald: "Lay eggs".

Whether its cold or whether its hot
We must have weather, whether or not.

Have you been eating oranges?

No.

Well your face is all skin.

DUMB.

A man went into a tailor shop with a button and asked the tailor to sew a suit on it.

Taylor '28: I know a joke about a hen but I don't wanna pull it."

Pfeiffer: That's nothing. I know one about an egg, but I don't wanna crack it."

Jensen: "Here's one for you: A farmer had five pigs named do, ra, fa, sol. What one did he leave out?"

Grogan: "Me!"

Rockwell: "Say Charlie, what's a crazy millionaire in eight letters?"

Cyr: "A doughnut, you ham!"

What's a seven letter word for "dude" after he's married?

Subdued!

What's the difference between a cocoanut and a Scotchman?

Well, you can get a drink from a cocoanut!"

EXCHANGES

"The Hermiad", Hingham High School
Hingham, Massachusetts. "The Record" Newburport High School
Newburyport, Mass.

"The Puncharder", Punchard High,
School, Andover, Mass.

"High School Breezes", West Newbury
High School, West Newbury, Mass.

"The Broadcast", Jamaica Plain High
School, Boston, Mass.

"The Lancastrian," Lancaster Academy and High School, Lancaster, New Hampshire.

"The Item", Dorchester High School,
Dorchester, Mass.

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IN OUR EYES.

"The Hermiad" Hingham High School Hingham, Mass.: An interesting little magazine, but why scatter your jokes all through it?

"The Puncharder" Punchard High School, Andover, Mass.: A good monthly paper which shows effort on the part of the students.

"High School Breezes" West Newbury High School, West Newbury, Mass.: Interesting literary work. Keep it up.

"The Broadcast" Jamaica Plain High School, Boston, Mass.: We like the business way in which you manage your paper.

"The Record" Newburyport High School, Newburyport, Mass.: Your magazine as a whole is very good. Your literary department is excellent. Congratulations!

"The Lancastrian" Lancaster High School, Lancaster, New Hampshire: Glad to see so large an Exchange Department. Call again.

"The Item" Dorchester High School, Dorchester, Mass.: An excellent, well arranged magazine.

EXCHANGE JOKES.

Applicant: "Have you an opening here?"

Boss: "Yes, be sure to close it when you go out."

1st pupil: "You say you flunked in Math? I don't understand it."

2nd pupil: "Neither do I; that's why I failed."

If gab were music, Room 18 would be a symphony concert.

Teacher: "Translate the next section."

Soph: "Caesar killed them to pieces when he was five miles around he left town. He also threw up castles and sheds."

They went into a movie show

In time to see the start,
And prim, precise, and proper quite

They sat like this apart.
But, oh! The hero wooed the girl!

Twice he stole a kiss,
And when the lights went on again
They sat up closelikethis!

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